A Warning against Hatred
by: Shel Utak Sum

I take it as a given that if you are reading this that you have been victimized by civilized society, and you understand the connection between the source of your pain and its cause. You don't need to have it explained why civilization is a death ship, it is already understood. My warning against hatred of civilization/state society is not a defense of those things, instead I warn to not let the hate of civilization to be core. To be careful of hatred, a reaction to pain, fear, sorrow, uncertainty and more wounds.

I warn y'all (and myself) to not let hatred for the cause of your suffering be an idol that frames your life. It is not healthy to focus solely on the destructive aspect and processes of anarchy. Yes, negativity has its place as a tool, but it can not by itself transform our lives into something worthwhile. If your framework is based purely on the hatred of the source of pain, it limits actions and thought to the object of oppression. Hatred of tech, of capital, and of hierarchy all make sense. Yet we are individuals and collectives on the land, we have bodies that eat, breathe, shit, and feel. We are not abstractions. We are not the antithesis of civilization. We are real with desires beyond being against something.

I have lived my life filled with hatred of nearly everything, since I was a little kid I have had an intense hatred for the people around me. Starting at the age of 7 or 8 I wanted my family to die, and for my school to be a crater with everyone involved inside it. Myself included if that is what it took. This hatred was developed in larger part from the bullying I experienced from fellow students, teachers, and my parents starting at age 4. I hated them, and I hated myself for being so weak that I could not take bloody vengeance on them. As I grew up this hatred grew with me as a tumor made of lead that crushed my heart. Suicidal and homicidal ideation grew from that tumor, and inside it was weakness, fear, and pain.

For too long I have been relying on dreams of revenge on the sources of my pain. And it has gained me nothing but a miserable life. I neglected my own well being because I fixated on what I hated to the exclusion of cultivating my other interests.

Perhaps I am an extreme case, maybe not. Even if I am, surely y'all can relate on some level.

In chapter 129 of the manga Berserk, *Cracks in the Blad*e, an elderly man tells the vengeful main character "The thing about hatred... it's the place where people who can't look sorrow in the eye without waverin' run off to." The main character, Guts, spent 2 years on a futile suicidal quest to get revenge for his loved ones who were all slaughtered in front of him. All he gained from this was more pain, hatred, and distance from the only people who still cared about him. Because he could not mourn for what he has lost.

In essence his quest for vengeance gained him nothing worth having, and just oriented his life to revolve towards the source of his pain. Even though his desires are negative in that he wants to destroy the people who ruined his life, his life became all about those people. It became the most important thing of all to him.

My path and circumstances are unique to myself as are yours, but we are all captives of this deathship. I don't want people to orient their lives around the horrors of what we are living through, making the objects of our hatred the most important thing about us.

Doing vengeance work that leads to a lifetime in prison or death can be brave or heroic but it ultimately gives one's life to the state. To our enemy. And no act of vengeance by an individual can destroy the leviathan. Making gardens and connections, learning skills with friends, and processing the sorrow of living in these terrible times can be just as important or even more than destruction work.

Max Stirner's conception of revolution and insurrection may be useful to primitivists, green nihilists, and others who wish to be free of the leviathan.

"The [revolution] consists of the radical change of conditions, of the prevailing condition or status, the state or society… The [insurrection] indeed has a transformation of conditions as its inevitable result, but it doesn't start from it, but starts from the discontent of human beings with themselves… rising up of individuals, a getting up, without regard to the arrangement that spring from it," (Stirner 1845, 2.2.2)

What I take as one of Big Forehead's points is that the insurrection is not focused solely or mostly on the state or society. It does not construct a myth in which we proletariats, peasants, dispossessed peoples, immigrant, Indigenous, queer, what have you are the antithetical force against capital, the state, technological society, or civilization as a whole. Instead the insurrectionary subject, whoever plays that role, is working their way out of the state, and into a life worth living. Making the state an obsolete discarded thing.

This I think is part of the antidote to hatred. It is a separation from the things and people that wounds us, that limits what we can be. Through living and honest engagement of the people around us, the land, and by processing sorrow, fear, uncertainty together we can have a future. Or at least time outside of the leviathan. Our lives don't have to be about the wounds that were inflicted upon us. Or the source of those wounds, those who want to turn the world into a silent grey object.

"So ride alone or with many others

Just ride away as fast as you can" ("Valkyrie Horsewhip Reel" by Blackbird Raum)

Citations

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